

# HEY BOY MO



A LOCAL ZINE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS!

# HomoBoy #1

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Original Story

by

Michael Crawford

HomoBoy is an attempt  
to end the boredom  
and this and that  
of the Houston queer scene  
this is our 1st issue  
If u would like to  
contribute  
call 713  
561 0762



zine

of people, arts,

and culture

for lesbians

and gay men.

# END THE POLICIES OF GENOCIDE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

ACT UP

ACT UP

today i stood in protest and chanted

in front of a pharmaceutical building  
in Washington DC. we chanted AIDS  
CURE NOW! in anger because these people  
are making money from inflated drug  
prices for drugs that treat infected  
people. now that i have the virus i

have a new perspective of the  
frustration many in the ranks must  
have always felt. now tears come for  
the first time. i feel compassion for  
those of us here in battle and for  
the many here in spirit; too weak  
to continue the fight or killed long  
ago. i joined this battle a few years

ago for the loved ones i lost, in anger.  
now it is my personal battle. healthcare  
killers have to go! we march and chant :

ACT UP FIGHT BACK! chanting PEOPLE WITH  
AIDS UNDER ATTACK, WHAT DO WE DO? ACT  
UP FIGHT BACK and we repeat...ACT UP  
FIGHT BACK! and for how long will

this battle go on? 13 years more?  
every 90 seconds the list grows.

today in Washington DC i stand next  
to my best friend, Michael Crawford,  
a vigilante crusader for this cause;  
strong, courageous, intelligent, and  
determined. i watch fellow ACT UP  
members draw chalk outlines of each  
others bodies on the sidewalk in front  
of this building. one of the boys quickly  
inscribes the names of 3 people who  
have died in the war within the chalk  
bordered body. i cried today because i  
wonder how long it will be before  
Michael will be chalking my name in  
these ghostly sidewalk tombstones  
to remind the healthcare assassins  
that once i had hope in my lifetime  
there would be a cure but, "THE TIME  
THEY KILLED KILLED ME!"

CURE

NOW

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# Original Untitled Story

It's morning and I must bite the sleeping man. I'm about to discover the way he wakes up with a new locket for the first time, the way he wakes up with me nibbles on his back. Soon I will know his back, its bumps and freckles and shadows better than he does. I see a scar just above his right kidney. Pink and raised, it carries the history of a permanent injury I knew nothing about. I see the line where his jaw blocked the sun on some journey and some dark moles like the ones they warn about in pamphlets about cancer. Just above his rib there's a strong and tender bald patch of skin, immune to his blanket of transparent hairs. There his waistline sinks; he has colorless bumps, an allergy, an organic reaction to some anonymous substance. Three of his freckles form a triangle and if I had a pen I'd connect the dots like a target on that precious spot of skin, just beneath his left shoulder blade. But because this vulnerable place quivers with my slightest touch I refrain from sinking my teeth into the delicate moment. Frenzied.

But suppose when I bite, he remains private, inaccessible, oblivious through deep sleep, immersed in a dream about walking unscathed down two of the Southwest Freeways among stampeding giraffes. Into his blissful stroll through the tall and spotted, he sinks deeper, sighs, lets out a moan, taking my precious chew for a pebble kicked up by a vegetarian quadruped.

Or suppose when I bite, he keeps his lids jammed shut and tries to remember if there's a street cleaning Monday where he parked his car. Suppose he's the silent but frantic, struggling to remember the identity of the man grazing on his back. Stricken with spontaneous amnesia, he peers through the possibilities: the Hispanic startecos from the party last week; his first crush, naked and dripping with sweat, moving from the lockers to the shower; or the nameless, flirting boy at the demo last Saturday. Or me, this new and insatiable lover who tracked him for weeks, dragged him out for endless cups of coffee, set smack in his lap, and now contemplates the taste of insect-re-

so early in the morning.

Suppose when I bite, his eyelids flutter. He thinks he has dreamed, forgets where he is, doesn't recognize the redwood barbecue next to the bed. He snorts, fidgets, ignores my quavering tenderness, settles into silent irritation. After a while, he mumbles something mean, because my indulgent munch has startled him into waking. He panics, wonders what strange promise lured in my head, fears that a precious part of himself will die, that it's the wrong time for love, and that. Searing is inevitable, an amputation, every time. He retreats, imagines me wanting to watch butterflies and buy him little presents, snapple up for sympathy when I get the flu and say those words that make him want to crawl into a closet.

Or suppose this morning I'm considerate, my new lover: sharp and I don't bite or brood or think about loves from the past. I'm soothed by the gentle rhythm of his breathing, content to snuggle here behind him, my arm hooked around his long, narrow waist. Suppose I get out of bed, spread him the hotel bacon, then wake him gently with the smell of morning brew. He's groggily boyish, hair sticking out all over. He pants at the sad fate of getting out of bed. In the kitchen we snouch and sipp, pull our chairs together, knees bumping.

But we will not have such a morning. I am not a noble, consider-lover. I am not soothed, enchanted and content upon waking up next to this barrage of possibilities. I'm a knotted mess, and the man sleeps while I suffer alone with the terror of biting off an ingredient.

The alarm is about scream. The bite has become a primal need, surpassing food, water, sleep and pride. It's monumental, essential to survival, the orthologous crisis. Bite the man, I tell myself, take the chance. I run a practice, chew on my tongue, pull back my lips in preparation for a tiny, sumptuous pinch of his freckled skin. He inhales. His ribs cage expands and that quivery place on his back moves a little closer. It will be easy and sweet, that small grasp of his flesh

between just four of my teeth.

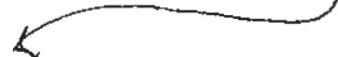
But when I open my mouth, he feels my warm breath on his back. Unable to wait any longer he rolls over, gazes at me. Enchanted his eyes open wider. I am even more beautiful than he remembered. I knew it, he says, pulling me closer, you were about to bite.

Now I panic. What strange promise to lurk in his head? A precious part of me will die if I do it. I back-off, covered. It's a hard swallow but the panic goes down. With bold enchantment comes the gets-the-flu. Fall day those words that made me want to crawl into a closet.

It's the one possibility I hadn't considered. It's a hard swallow but the panic goes down. With bold enchantment and absolute terror, I sink my teeth right in.

# Rent Boy?

... your ad  
could go here



# **QUEERS BASH BACK**

A QUEER NATION WARNING

# **STOP THE VIOLENCE**

# **STOP TH' HATE**

A QUEER NA

# **STOP THE VIOLENCE**

# **STOP THE HATE**

A QUEER NATION WARNING

# **QUEERS BASH BACK**

A QUEER NATION WARNING

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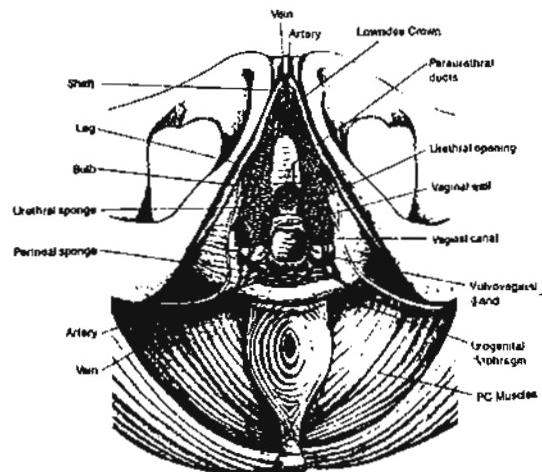
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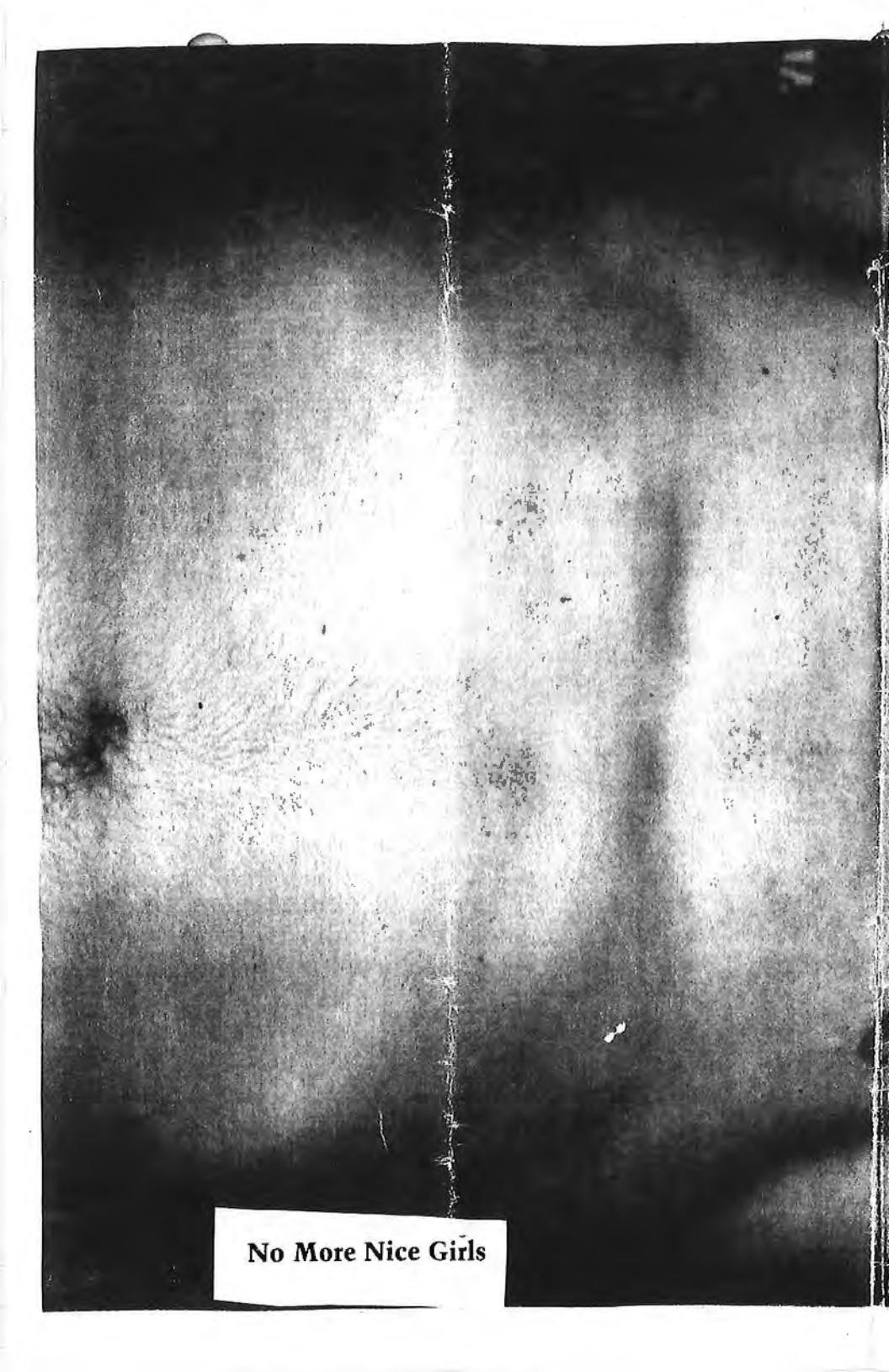
does anyone really queer  
and not a fashion victim  
i only shop dream victim  
hurray place behind it.  
anyway why didnt the  
tired and bland houston  
scene magazine give credit  
to our own hom boy  
antonio f. now in london,  
figures. this outfit is  
more easily assembled by  
thrifting at value village,  
that's 19th in the heights  
and harrisburg not downtown.  
other models not featured  
1.a. looks better bought  
second hand as well. of  
course if your lazy or  
clueless just go to  
step back on montrose.  
it all ends up there.  
someway or another.  
but most importantly  
work your look. get  
of the jr.s, get  
thing and stop  
utopian soc

DYKE'S

DO  
IT  
TOO

The Erectile Tissue of the Clitoris





No More Nice Girls